

FEATURING  
FEARLESS  
FELLERS

5



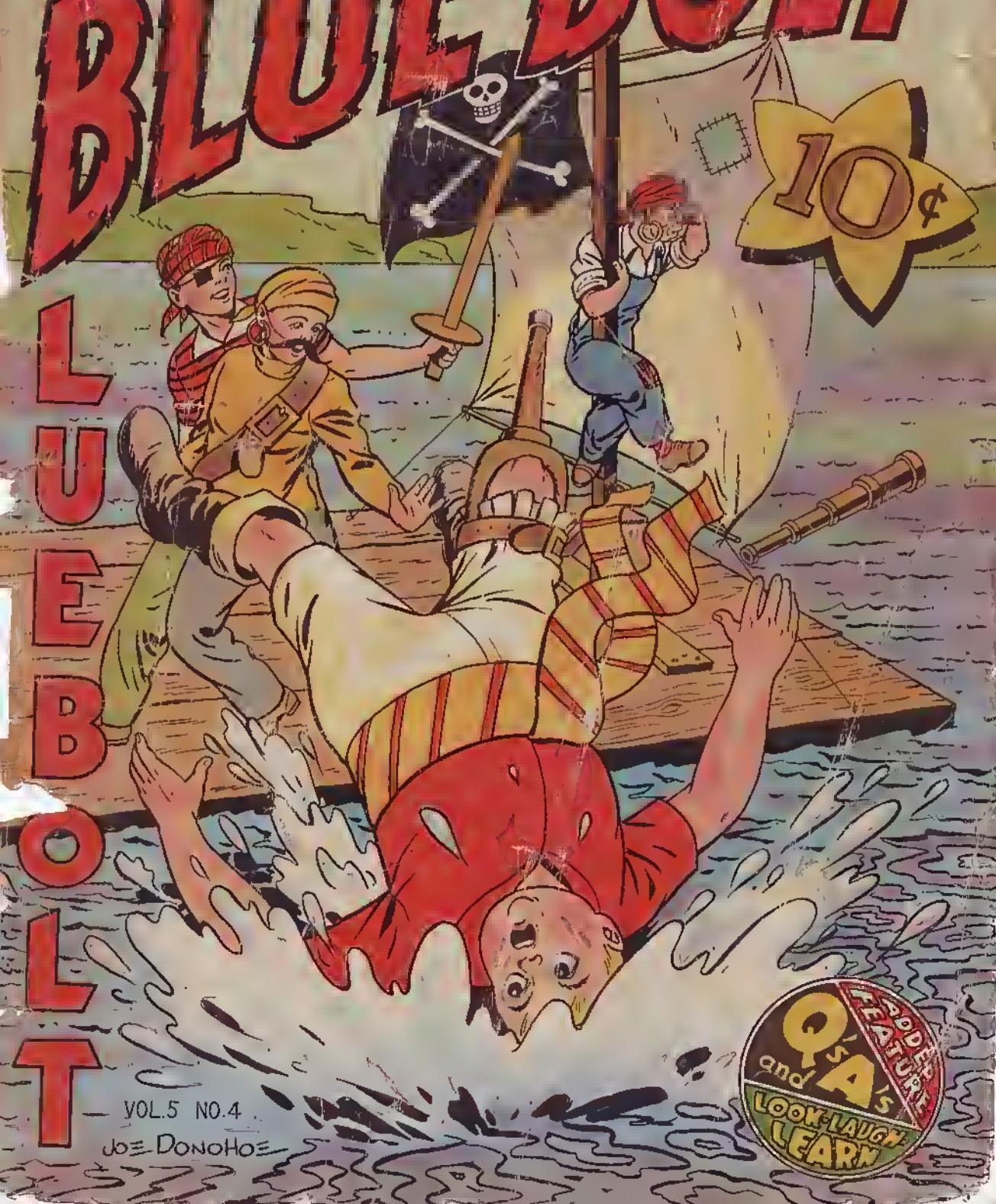
JANUARY

# BLUE BOLT

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VOL. 5 NO. 4

JOE DONOHUE



# WEBGOMIC UNIVERSE.COM



# BLUE BOLT FLASHES

## The Editors Write:

Hi gang—

It'll be turkey time before we pop in on you again, so here's hoping you have a really good Thanksgiving. Enjoy yourselves but don't be stuffy about that big spread you're going to have or your indigestion will be a little the worse for wear. It's a temptation, though, for whenever we sit down to roast turkey, nut dressing, rich gravy, cranberry sauce, and various and sundry other edibles, why, doggone it, we're full long before we've eaten everything we want!! Our eyes are just twice the size of our tummies!

There are two one-page stories in this issue because a number of your letters have requested the two-page fiction be split in half. Let us know how you like them and whether or not we should continue with this idea. Some of you seem to think shorter stories make for easier reading while others say not. It's up to you gang, to decide what's to be done.

Just a reminder not to slow up on the paper, tin, and waste fat salvage, for they're still essential ingredients to the war effort. As our armies sweep forward we'll need more and more supplies to keep up with them, and you are the ones who can help out immeasurably; so pitch right in!

Again, gang, enjoy your Thanksgiving Day to the utmost

Cordially yours,  
THE EDITORS

## The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading the latest issue of BLUE BOLT, and I think it is the best issue ever. I read Blue Bolt Flashes and in one letter a boy said that Eddie and Jerry go a little too far. Well, to tell the truth, sometimes they do; but name a comic that doesn't. Anyway it wouldn't be interesting if they didn't.

I think every story in BLUE BOLT is swell.

An interested reader,  
Jean Simpson  
Montgomery, Alabama

You've really got something there, Joan. Although Eddie and Jerry do get into unusual scrapes, if they didn't you probably wouldn't care for them at all!!!

Dear Editors:

I am one of your constant readers and I have one criticism. That is that Edison Bell has modern adventuring, but he wears knickers that boys nowadays don't. His adventures are more than the average boy has, but through him we, the readers, imagine ourselves in just such adventures. Thank you for that!

I couldn't ask for more in the rest of BLUE BOLT and the art is "on the beam." Keep it up!

A faithful fan,  
Mary Irene Fowler  
Denver, Colorado

Eddie will go shopping for his first pair of longies real soon, Mary. You're right, of course, for he has grown too large for knickers.

Dear Editors:

I enjoy BLUE BOLT as often as I can get a copy to read. It is really swell; so full of variety. I especially like Fearless Fellers and Dick Cole, but the others are good, too. I am 13 years old and a freshman at Pinetdale High School. We boys have a comic book exchange and sometimes I buy copies I want to keep.

I am a 4-H Club member and we are collecting waste paper and scrap at present.

Yours truly,  
Jimmie Mathies  
Elta, R. No. 1, Miss.

Keep up the good work, Jimmie, and don't slip up on salvaging paper for we need every scrap for the war effort.

Dear Editors:

I have been reading your magazine for some time and find that it makes for relaxing reading and it's a big factor in passing the time. I enjoy Krisko and Jasper and their adventures. I have noticed that BLUE BOLT is read by nearly every member aboard ship, and such popularity must be deserved. It's a good book, makes good reading, but I would like to see it put up in pocket-size overseas editions for the Armed Forces. It's not only an original idea but it will prove popular with the Army, Navy, Seabees and Marines from China to Ireland!

At any rate, BLUE BOLT gets my vote whether on shore or afloat, for good, last, interesting reading.

Respectfully,  
Peter Wersching  
Somewhere in So. Pacific

Thanks for the complimentary V-mail, Pte.

Dear Editors:

I've just finished reading the last issue of BLUE BOLT. I like it because most of the stories didn't really happen or at least could have happened. My three brothers and I read it over and over many times.

Some people think that Dick Cole's drawings are good, though. I don't. I think their heads should be a little more lifelike.

I am the oldest child in my family—being 10. Each week I write a little family newspaper and send it to my relatives. I have comic strips in it, too.

Yours truly,  
Joan Houck  
Decatur, Illinois

The idea of a family paper is certainly good, Joan, so keep it up! Take a good look at the Cole's strip in this issue, though. We've an idea you'll really like it.

Dear Editors:

I like BLUE BOLT COMICS better than any yet. Dick Cole and Sergeant Speak are my favorites.

But that's not the only thing I like about BLUE BOLT. It's swell the way the editors take the criticism.

A reader,  
Dolores Tram  
Tucson, Arizona

It's really no credit to us at all, Dolores, for the complimentary letters far overbalance the criticism.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO BLUE BOLT COMICS, 111 W. 19th St., NEW YORK 11, N.Y.

\$1.00 in War Stamps will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

A 25c War Stamp will be sent if a portion of a letter is used.

# DICK COLE

JIM WILCOX

FOOTBALL AT FARR MILITARY ACADEMY IS NEARLY OVER. TEAM PLAY, PLUS THE ALL AROUND BRILLIANCE OF DICK COLE, HAVE PRODUCED AN UNBEATEN SEASON TO DATE. ONLY WILSON ACADEMY AND HOLDEN M.A. REMAIN ON THE SCHEDULE. BECAUSE OF DICK'S ABILITY, HIS UNDER STUDY, BARKLEY HALL, HAS SEEN VERY LITTLE ACTION ALL SEASON, AND HALL IS "BURNED UP". PRACTICE OVER, AND MOST OF THE SQUAD SHOWERED, DRESSED, AND GONE, HALL IS EXPRESSING HIS FEELINGS.

WELL, WE PLAY WILSON TOMORROW, THEN HOLDEN NEXT SATURDAY. BANG! SEASON'S OVER! I'VE PLAYED EXACTLY SEVEN MINUTES ALL YEAR! AND WHY?... BECAUSE DICK COLE HAS HOGGED THE WHOLE SHOW. I HAVEN'T HAD A CHANCE TO STRUT MY STUFF!

YOU'LL HAVE TO ADMIT COLE'S GOOD, HALL.

OH, HE'S GOOD—TOO GOOD! I WISH HE'D BREAK A NECK OR A LEG, OR SOMETHING! HOW I WANT TO GET INTO THESE LAST TWO GAMES!

WHY DICK COLE IS TOPS!

YOU DON'T MEAN THAT, BARK!



Art Director  
MEL CUMMIN

Editor and General Manager—ROBERT D. WHEELER

Associate Editor—JANE SPAULDING NYE

Editorial Assistant  
PEGGY ANN CROWLEY

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MEAN IT? HA! I'D GIVE A HUNDRED BUCKS TO PLAY A WHOLE GAME, ONCE!... C'MON, JED, LET'S GO.

WHEW!... A HUNDRED BUCKS? GEE.



BARK, YOU SHOULDN'T TALK LIKE YOU JUST DID. YOU KNOW YOU DIDN'T MEAN WHAT YOU SAID. TAKE THAT SERIOUSLY. HUNDRED BUCKS? THAT'S A LAUGH!



BUT IN HIS ROOM THAT NIGHT, THE OBTUSE MIND OF "MOOSE" MORGAN PONDER'S HALL'S WORDS.

GEE! COULD I USE A HUNDRED BUCKS? H-M-M. I NEVER LIKED COLE MUCH.... HALL'S A RIGHT GUY... HM-M... I PLAY RIGHT GUARD - THAT DELAYED BUCK... HM-M.. ONE HUND - I'LL DO IT!



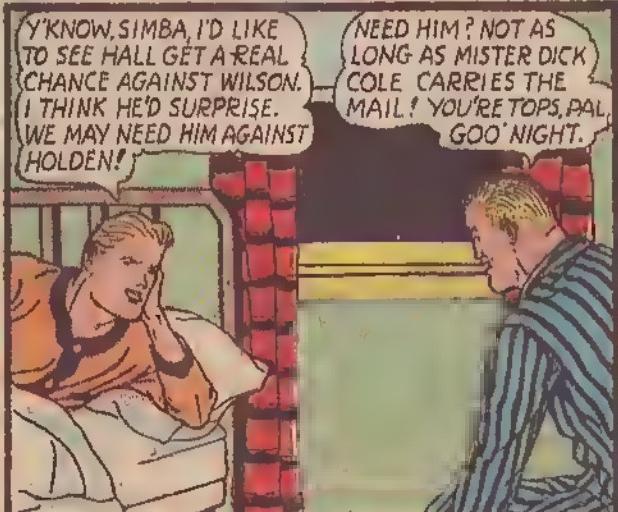
AND IN DICK COLE'S ROOM-

WELL, DICK, WILSON TOMORROW, AND THEN COMES HOLDEN. BOY! WE JUST GOT TO WIN THOSE GAMES!



Y'KNOW, SIMBA, I'D LIKE TO SEE HALL GET A REAL CHANCE AGAINST WILSON. I THINK HE'D SURPRISE. WE MAY NEED HIM AGAINST HOLDEN!

NEED HIM? NOT AS LONG AS MISTER DICK COLE CARRIES THE MAIL! YOU'RE TOPS, PAL, GOO' NIGHT.



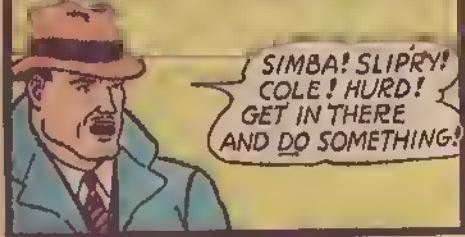
DOWN THE HALL—

DON'T BE A DOPE. GO TO SLEEP.

JED, IF IT WASN'T FOR FARR'S FOOTBALL RECORD, I- WELL, I COULD ALMOST WISH COLE WOULD BREAK A LEG ON THE KICK-OFF, TOMORROW!



SATURDAY AFTERNOON - THE MIDDLE OF THE THIRD QUARTER OF THE FARR M.A. VS. WILSON ACADEMY GAME. A SCRAPPY WILSON TEAM HAS PLAYED THE FARR ELEVEN, COMPOSED OF THE FIRST STRING LINE AND SECOND STRING BACKFIELD, TO A STANDSTILL. WHEN WILSON SCORES SIX POINTS, COACH BRADLY... SENDS IN HIS FIRST STRING BACKFIELD.



LAURA BRADLY LEADS THE CHEER-



WHICH RIGHT GUARD, "MOOSE" MORGAN, ECHOES.

HOORAY! HERE COMES COLE - AND MY CHANCE!



FARR HUDDLES, THEN -

OKAY, D-11,  
GANG!...  
LET'S GO!!



DICK CRASHES THROUGH HIS RIGHT GUARD ON A DELAY-  
ED BUCK -



AS DICK SMASHES THE LINE,  
TWO HANDS REACH UP!

THE PLAYERS UNTANGLE -

WHAT'S  
WRONG,  
DICK?

OW! MY ANKLE!



I SAW WHAT YOU DID TO DICK, MOOSE MORGAN! YOU'RE A LOW-DOWN -

SHUT YOUR YAP, YOU DRIP, OR I'LL -

ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO! OUT OF THE GAME! OFF THE FIELD! QUICK!



ALL OUT, GANG, IN A "LOCOMOTIVE" FOR DICK COLE!

GOSH, I HOPE THIS DOESN'T KEEP ME OUT OF THE HOLDEN GAME NEXT SATURDAY!

DON'T WORRY, DICK. YOU'LL BE OKAY.



TOO BAD, DICK, TOO BAD! HELP HIM TO THE TRAINER, BROWN. TAKE IT EASY, DICK.

HMM-M-M.. DOESN'T LOOK TOO GOOD, COLE.

HALL, HERE'S YOUR CHANCE! TAKE COLE'S PLACE - GIVE 'EM FITS!



BARKLEY HALL  
GOES BERSERK!  
HE

PLUNGES

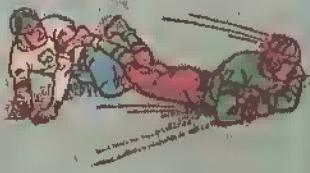


PASSES AND



PUNTS.

THE WILSON TEAM OFF ITS FEET AS THE GAME ENDS; HALL INTERCEPTS A PASS AND RUNS IT BACK FOR THE FINAL SCORE.



AFTER THE GAME, COACH  
BRADLY SEES TRAINER TUCKER.

WELL, TUCKER, WILL  
COLE BE ABLE TO GO  
AGAINST HOLDEN  
NEXT SATURDAY?

THE LIGAMENTS ARE  
TORN, I'M AFRAID THE  
ANSWER IS - NO SOAP!



SEARCH ME - BUT HE  
DID! AND NOW, WITH  
YOU OUT OF THE  
GAME, WE'LL PROBABLY  
LOSE TO HOLDEN  
NEXT SATURDAY!

NOT IF BARKLEY  
HALL GOES AS  
HE DID TODAY!  
THAT GUY IS—  
GOOD!



IN DICK'S  
ROOM THAT NIGHT.

DICK, THAT  
POLECAT, MOOSE MORGAN, DELIBERATELY  
TWISTED YOUR ANKLE!  
I SAW HIM DO IT!



SAY,  
COULD THERE BE  
ANY TIE-UP BETWEEN HALL  
AND YOUR INJURY? MAYBE HE  
GOT MOOSE TO  
LAY YOU OUT

OF COURSE  
NOT! HALL  
IS NO RAT...  
FORGET IT!



THE FOLLOWING  
DAY DICK ....  
HOBBLES OUT  
TO WATCH....  
PRACTICE AND  
MEETS LAURA.

HELLO, LAURA!  
OH, DICK! I'M  
JUST SICK OVER  
YOUR INJURY!  
I - OH, HERE  
COMES HALL.



QUESTION  
No. 2. How could Farr get 19 points?

HELLO, MISS BRADLY.  
HELLO, COLE, HOW'S  
THE FLAT  
TIRE?

BETTER, THANKS.  
YOU TURNED IN A  
SWELL GAME, HALL,  
AGAINST WILSON. KEEP  
IT UP!

HOW DO YOU  
DO, MR. HALL.

THANKS, I INTEND TO, COLE. BEEN WAITING FOR THIS  
BREAK ALL YEAR. FRANKLY, I AM  
GOING TO MAKE 'EM FOR-  
GET DICK COLE, COME SAT-  
URDAY! WELL, I GOT  
TO GET ON THE FIELD-

WHY- WHY- OH! I COULD  
TEAR THE HAIR OUT OF  
HIS HATEFUL HEAD!!!  
WHY, HE'S NOT A BIT  
SORRY YOU'RE HURT!

NO-O, HE ISN'T...  
ANYHOW, HE'S NOT  
A HYPOCRITE  
ABOUT IT- AND HE  
IS GOOD, LAURA

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE GAME HALL HAS A  
CALLER.

HELLO, BIG SHOT! I'M  
HERE FOR THE REWARD.  
YOU GOTTA ADMIT I  
DID A  
GOOD  
JOB!

HUH? YOU.. WHAT?  
WHAT JOB? WHAT  
REWARD? YOU'RE  
NUTS!

FARR

DIDN'T YOU SAY YOU'D GIVE \$100  
IF COLE'D GET LAID OUT? WELL,  
HE'S OUT AND I DID IT. SO—

WHAT! YOU  
LAID COLE UP?  
I OFFERED —  
SA-A-Y! YOU DIDN'T  
TAKE THAT REMARK  
SERIOUSLY! WHY—

WELSHIN'EH? OKAY,  
I'LL SETTLE FOR  
FIFTY BUCKS THEN.  
ARE YOU GONNA  
KICK IN, OR —

MORGAN... IF  
YOU WEREN'T  
NEEDED AGAINST  
HOLDEN, I'D KICK  
YOUR TEETH IN!  
NOW- GET OUT!

O-KAY! I'M GOIN' BUT YOU'LL WISH YOU'D PLAY EO SQUARE! YOU'LL SEE!

GET... OUT!

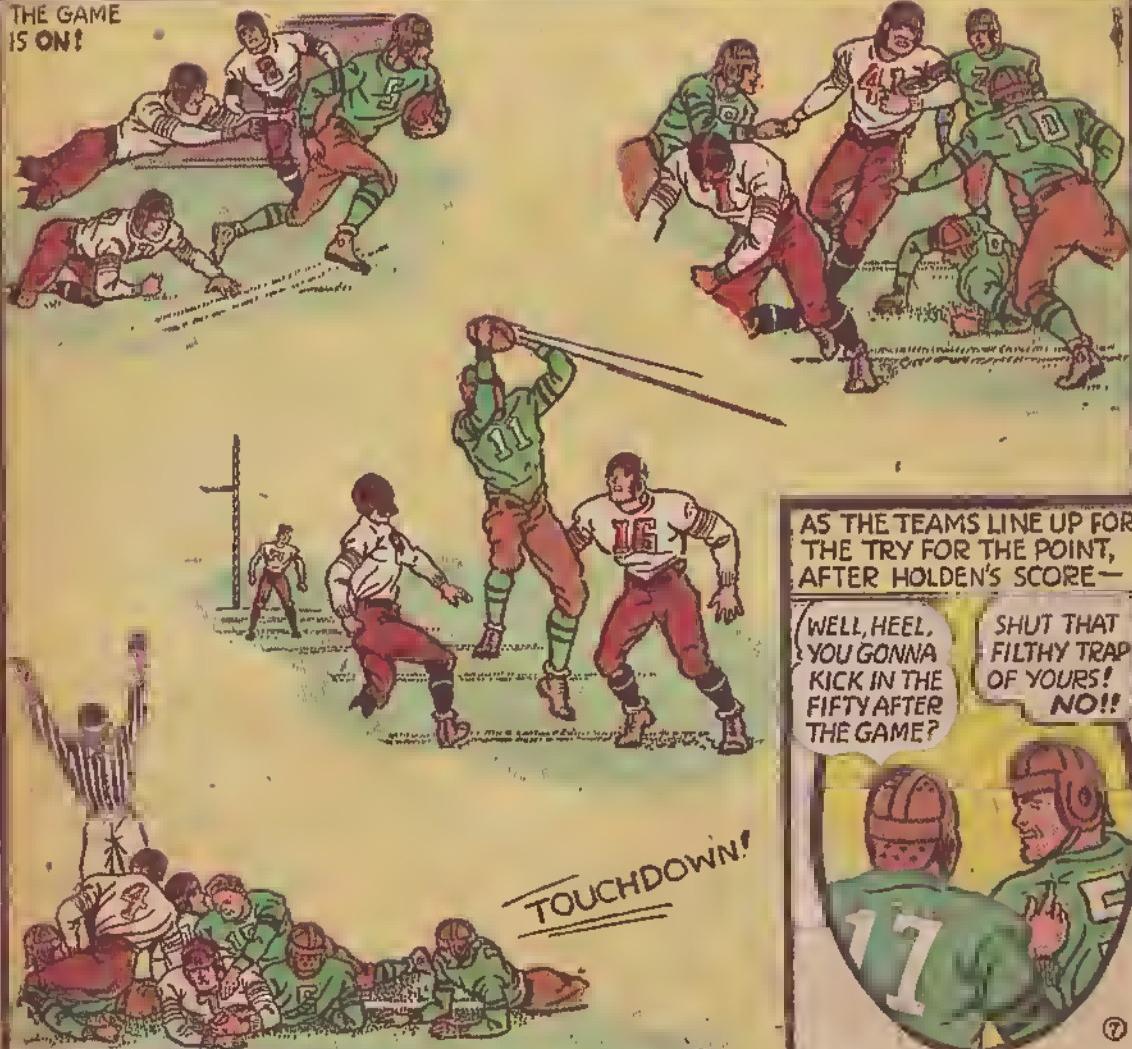
IN THE FARR LOCKER ROOMS... GAME TIME WITH HOLDEN M.A.

ALL RIGHT, BOYS, THIS IS IT!... WATCH OUT FOR DALE JACKS AND HIS QUICK KICK. DON'T LET NUMBER 4, BURGESS, GET LOOSE ON THAT DOUBLE REVERSE HIT 'EM HARD!... PLAY CLEAN! LET'S GO!!

THE RIVAL CAPTAINS SHAKE HANDS AND THE COIN IS TOSSED.

YEA-HOLDEN! FARR FARR!

THE GAME IS ON!



AS THE TEAMS LINE UP FOR THE TRY FOR THE POINT, AFTER HOLDEN'S SCORE—

WELL, HEEL. YOU GONNA KICK IN THE FIFTY AFTER THE GAME?

SHUT THAT FILTHY TRAP OF YOURS! NO!!

AND ON THE FARR BENCH—

WELL, THEY MADE IT! BOY,  
HOLDEN'S AHEAD SO DO  
SEVEN POINTS.  
GEE! I WISH YOU  
WERE IN THERE,  
DICK!



1<sup>ST</sup> DOWN ON HOLDEN'S 19 YD.  
LINE. SIMBA PLUNGES FOR  
3 YARDS.

IT IS THE 4<sup>TH</sup> QUARTER OF  
THE HARD-FOUGHT GAME..  
2 MIN. 15 SECONDS TO GO...  
SCORE..HOLDEN 20; FARR  
19. HALL, WHO HAD THE  
WIND KNOCKED OUT OF  
HIM LATE IN THE 3<sup>RD</sup>  
QUARTER, GOES BACK IN.  
FARR RECEIVES—AND HALL  
RUNS IT BACK TO FARR'S  
39 YARD LINE. 1<sup>ST</sup> DOWN.



WE'LL PASS! P-4-6-11!



THE PASS IS GOOD TO HOLDEN'S 19 YD. LINE.

THEN HALL, ON A NAKED  
REVERSE, MAKES IT  
1<sup>ST</sup> DOWN ON HOLDEN'S  
7 YARD LINE.

1<sup>ST</sup> DOWN-GOAL TO  
GO! HALL CRACKS  
CENTER-AND-



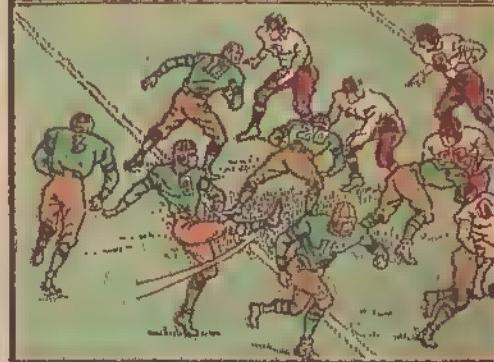
GOSH! HE'S OUT COLOR!



GROGGY, HALL IS OUT  
OF THE GAME. A SUB  
RUNS IN, AND, WITH-



20 SECONDS TO GO, THE FARR QUARTER-  
BACK DECIDES TO TRY TO FOOL HOLDEN.  
SQUARELY IN FRONT OF THE GOAL POSTS  
HE CALLS PLAY-K-L-49, A FAKE PLACE  
KICK WITH THE END AROUND —



QUESTION  
No. 4. What does "1st down--goal to go" mean?

THE PLAY IS THROWN  
FOR AN EIGHT YARD  
LOSS AS THE GUN GOES  
OFF ENDING THE GAME!  
HOLDEN WINS! 20 TO 19

THE TEAMS START OFF THE FIELD—  
FARR DOWNCAST, HOLDEN JUBILANT.

HOLDEN!  
HOLDEN!  
HOLDEN!

IF COLE  
HAD BEEN  
IN THE  
GAME—

HOLDEN  
YEAH  
IF—

BUT WHAT IS THIS CONFERENCE  
BACK ON THE 7 YARD LINE?

(I TELL YOU, HOLDEN) YEAH... I  
WAS OFF SIDE ON THE HOLDEN  
THAT LAST PLAY. RIGHT TACKLE.

THEN FARR HAS ONE  
MORE PLAY. GET THE  
TEAMS BACK, BURKE.



PANDEMOMIUM REIGNS AS THE  
TEAMS TROOP BACK TO THE FIELD.  
AND ON THE FARR SIDE—



DICK HOPS TO IT, AS THE STANDS ROCK WITH CHEERS!

DICK REPORTS TIME IS IN—  
THE TEAMS LINE UP. DICK  
BALANCES ON HIS GOOD LEG—



THE BALL IS SNAPPED  
TO SIMBA. DICK—

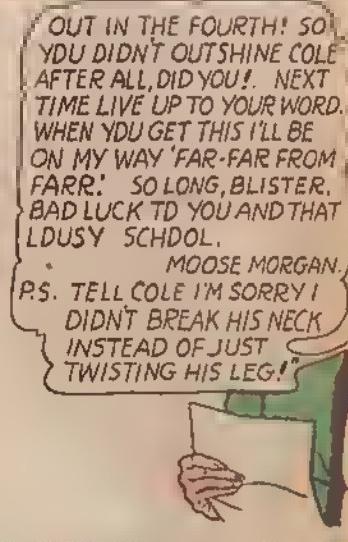


GRITS HIS TEETH—SHIFTS TO  
HIS INJURED LEG AND KICKS—



SPLITTING THE CROSS BAR  
FOR 3 POINTS,  
AND FARR  
WINS 22 TO 20.  
AS DICK....  
COLLAPSES  
ON THE  
GROUND.





STAY RIGHT BEHIND OUR FIGHTING MEN  
TIL VICTORY IS THEIRS AGAIN.

# OLD CAP HAWKINS TRUE TALES



IT'S SAID, JOEY, THAT MANS BEST FRIEND IS HIS DOG. NOTHING CAN PROVE THAT BETTER THAN THE COURAGEOUS FEATS OF THE DOGS OF THE K-9 CORPS, WHO ARE WITH OUR FIGHTING MEN ALL OVER THE WORLD. THEY'RE FINE, BRAVE DOGS - LIKE CAESAR.



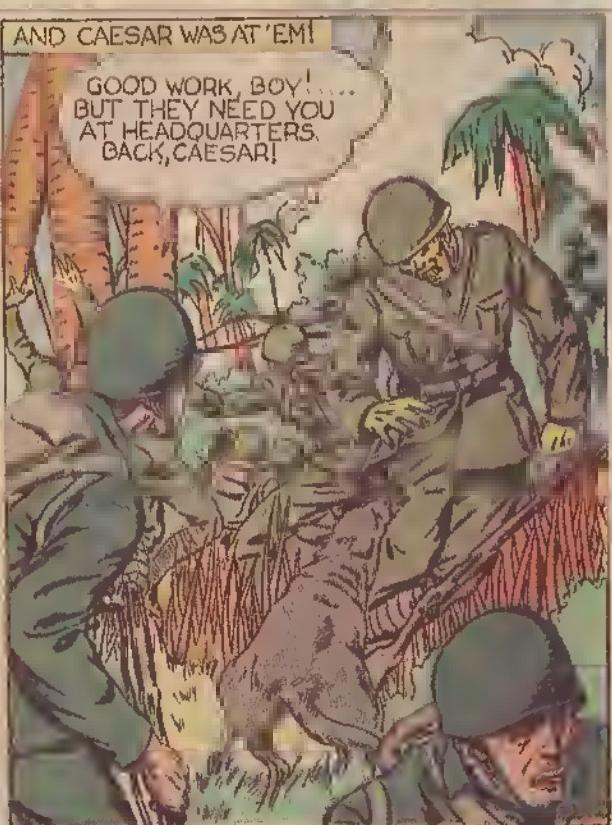
CAESAR, A 4 YR. OLD SHEPHERD DOG, LANDED WITH THE MARINES AT BOUAGN-VILLE - THE FIRST OF THE MARINE DOG PLATOON TO GO ASHORE.

AT'EM, CAESAR!

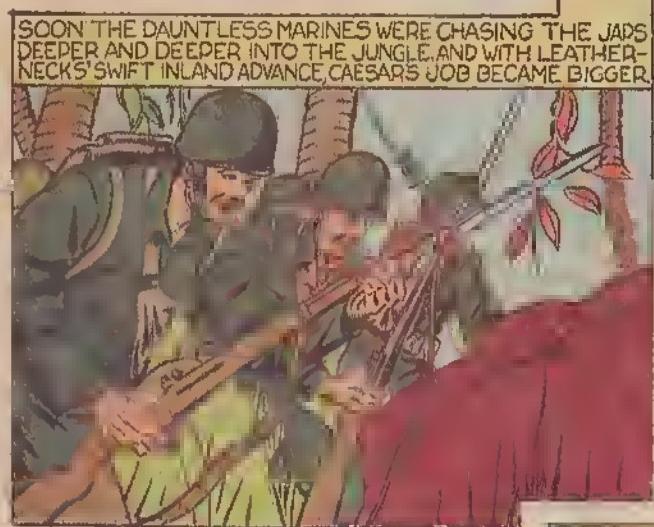


AND CAESAR WAS AT 'EM!

GOOD WORK, BOY!  
BUT THEY NEED YOU  
AT HEADQUARTERS.  
BACK, CAESAR!



THE FIGHT IS ON. THERE'S MUCH TO DO  
WE AT HOME MUST PITCH IN, TOO.



QUESTION  
No. 5. What rank is the officer in picture 4 on this page?

A MOMENT LATER...

BOY, WE JUST  
MADE IT!

YOU SURE  
CAN SMELL  
THOSE JAPS,  
CAESAR.

SOON....

WHAT'S LEFT IS SURE  
ON THE RUN.  
LET'S GO, BOY.

BUT....

CAESAR SENSES THE ENEMY!

NO WONDER FOR BEHIND THE  
TANGLE OF FOLIAGE.....

GRENADE  
WILL FINISH  
THEM.



I GOT 'EM BOTH FOR YOU, BUDDY.

YOU STAY HERE.... I'LL SEND A STRETCHER AS SOON AS I GET TO OUR LINES.

BUT THE VALIANT DOG REFUSES TO LEAVE HIS JOB. A HALF HOUR LATER....

IT'S JOHN AND CAESAR'S WOUNDED. GET HIM TO A DRESSING STATION.

TOUGH LEATHERNECKS WAIT ANXIOUSLY—

HOW IS HE, DOC?

WILL HE LIVE?

RELAX, FELLOWS. HE'LL BE GOOD AS NEW IN A COUPLE OF DAYS.

THAT'S SWELL!

AND IN A COUPLE OF DAYS....

THE JAPS ARE DRIVEN OUT. OUR LINES ARE CONSOLIDATED. CONGRATULATIONS TO YOU AND CAESAR FOR GETTING THAT VITAL MESSAGE THROUGH.

THANK YOU, SIR.

AND YOU, CAESAR.... TO A VALIANT FRIEND...

KEEP ON DOING YOUR HOME FRONT CHORE  
AND BRING OUR MEN FROM THAT FOREIGN SHORE.

YES, THE K-9 CORPS ARE FAITHFUL, FIGHTING WAR DOGS... ALL VALIANT FRIENDS OF THE UNITED NATIONS.

# FEARLESS FELLERS

GOSH!

AH!

BY  
JOE DONOHUE

OH!

Top Notch  
Stevenson



DON'T SACRIFICE YOUR BOOKS AND STUDIES  
LEAVE WORKING TO YOUR OLDER BUDDIES.

I'M GONNA BE  
BLACK DOG~ WITH  
A PATCH ON  
MY EYE~

AN' I'LL BE  
JIM HAWKINS!

I'M THE  
CAPTAIN--  
MAKE HASTE,  
YE SWABS!



LATER--

FIFTEEN MEN  
ON A DEAD MAN'S  
CHEST--

YOH  
HO--

THEY LAUNCH THEIR FRAIL CRAFT.



TRIM THE  
MAINSAIL--

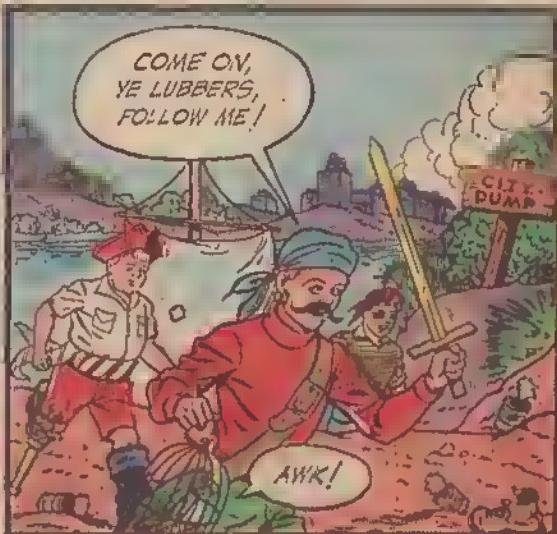
AYE, AYE,  
CAPTAIN,  
AH-- OH!

YOU ALMOST  
UPSET US-- YOU  
AND THAT WOODEN  
LEG!

WE SHOULD  
LEAVE HIM  
FOR THE  
SHARKS!

LAND  
HO!





QUESTION  
No. 6. What is the jolly roger?



AT THIS MOMENT AN UGLY FIGURE DETACHES  
ITSELF FROM THE SHADOWS--



QUESTION  
No. 7. You weigh so many pounds, a diamond weighs so many --?

THEY ALL PILE ON--

HOLD  
HIM!

BUT THE BIG MAN THROWS THEM OFF

--HE GRABS A STICK!



A STRANGE OBJECT FLIES OUT OF  
THE DARKNESS--

THE  
WOODEN  
LEG!

THAT  
DID IT,  
PUDGE!

AS THE MAN FALLS--  
A BRIGHT LIGHT  
HITS THEM--

HURRAY,  
IT'S THE  
POLICE!

WHAT'S  
GOIN' ON  
THERE? WHO  
STARTED  
THAT FIRE?

WHAT  
THE--  
REAL  
LIVE  
PIRATES!

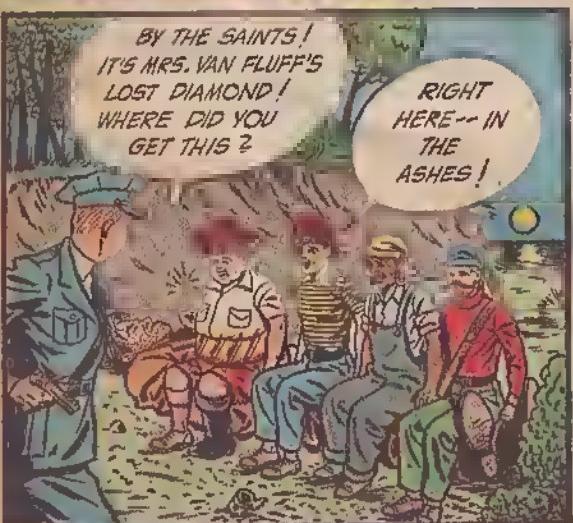
AND THEY'VE  
CAUGHT  
TOUGH MIKE  
GROGAN, THE  
'GANGSTER'!

AFTER  
WE'VE  
HUNTED  
HIM FOR  
MONTHS!



BY THE SAINTS!  
IT'S MRS. VAN FLUFF'S  
LOST DIAMOND!  
WHERE DID YOU  
GET THIS?

RIGHT  
HERE-- IN  
THE  
ASHES!



THIS RING WAS BELIEVED  
TO HAVE BEEN STOLEN-- IT  
MUST HAVE BEEN THROWN INTO  
THE GARBAGE BY MISTAKE!  
THERE'S A BIG REWARD!

HURRAY! WE  
FOUND A REAL  
TREASURE!



# SPARKLING SECRET

## By PAM ROBINSON

Ravenous and very tired, Jan Corblenz sat at the heavily-laden table eating his fill. The Germans had lost his trail long before he reached Zwolle. Of that he was certain, but he must nevertheless leave quickly. He felt a great relief now that the rubies were no longer his responsibility. Dame Landshut would see to it that they reached England safely. He turned and looked at her. She sat in front of the opened window, the starchy lace curtains framing her kindly old face. Soft white hair swept into a bun on the nape of her neck. Gentle blue eyes gazed serenely at her knitting as she rocked back and forth in the rickety chair. Behind her a faint breeze touched the yellow tulips in the colorful window box urging them softly to and fro. Brilliant sunlight glanced off the brightly colored gravel sending rays of various hues into the quiet morning air.

"It is a lovely day, is it not, Jan?" Dame Landshut questioned softly.

"It is," he answered, "but I must be off quickly. The Germans by now might have found my trail."

"Do they know you by sight?" she asked, a touch of anxiety in her voice.

"No," he replied, "luckily it was very dark. Only the rubies would give us away. Have you hidden them well?"

"Yes," she said quietly. "I have hidden them well."

Jan had given Dame Landshut the handful of fabulous pebbles when he arrived late the night before. It was not

the first time that he had successfully crossed over from Germany with costly jewels that would never again fall into the hands of the Nazis.

"I will not ask you where you have hidden them," he continued, "for then, truly, I will not know."

"How very right you are!" Dame Landshut laughed and Jan laughed with her, but they stopped abruptly.

Someone knocked loudly on the white-panelled door.

Dame Landshut continued rocking, never taking her eyes from her knitting.

"Who is there?" she called in her sweet, low voice.

"Open up," a harsh voice replied. "Quickly!"

She nodded to Jan, who rose to open the door. He stepped back to let the German officer pass.

"Ah, it is you, Oberleutnant," the old lady said. "What have you come for today? Some tea, perhaps?"

"No," the tall German answered sharply, then turned abruptly toward Jan. "Who is this?" he questioned.

"He is my nephew, Jan Corblenz," she replied. "He visits me often. Jan, this is the young Oberleutnant I told you about."

The German nodded curtly and spoke to the two soldiers who stood behind him.

"You will search very thoroughly," he said tartly and then explained to the tiny lady in the old rocking chair.

A spy was lost in this district late last night and we believe he is in hiding. We do not know him but he carried some rubies with him

that will be impossible for him to hide without our competent searchers finding them. This entire district is covered and shall be searched with a fine-tooth comb!"

While he talked the two soldiers ransacked the small house. Rugs were lifted, pictures taken from the walls, even the dirt under the gravel in the tiny window box was sifted and carefully examined.

"They are not here," one of the soldiers said finally. "Of that we are most certain!" One could well believe it, for their search had been thorough and painstaking.

When the deep roar of the Germans' car was lost in the distance, Jan sank limply into a chair. He had been weak with worry while the soldiers searched. Surely they would find the rubies! But they had not! Where then could Dame Landshut have hidden them?

"I see you are wondering," Dame Landshut said as if reading his mind. "Would you believe me if I said the Germans held the rubies in their hands and did not realize it?"

Jan stared at her.

"Did you not remark last night how like pebbles the uncut rubies were?" she smiled. "And where then are pebbles most apt to be found?"

Jan's incredulous gaze fell on the tiny window box with its dancing yellow tulips.

"Of course!" he exclaimed. "You put them with the colored glass and the stupid Germans held a fortune in their hands and thought them only pebbles!"

THE END

# BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN



BLUE BOLT AND CHARLIE HAVE BEEN ORDERED TO NEW ASSIGNMENT IN NEW GUINEA...

HAVING RECEIVED WORD THAT YANKS HAVE TAKEN A NEW AIR FIELD, THEY ARE ANXIOUS TO GET IN THE FIGHT.

TOM GILL

BOY,  
WHAT A QUICK  
JOB! THE  
ENGINEERS  
HAVE CLEARED  
THIS FIELD IN  
ONE DAY.

YEAH.  
WONDER WHY  
WE WERE  
ORDERED HERE  
SO SUDDENLY?

SUDDENLY, A FEMININE VOICE COMES OVER THE RADIO--

PULL UP... DON'T  
LAND... DANGER  
BELOW... GUN  
'ER...

WHAT  
THE...

WHEW...  
THAT WAS A  
CLOSE ONE!

THAT  
VOICE! IT  
SOUNDED  
LIKE MARG  
HESSLIN!

COLLECT YOUR PAPER, EAT AND TIN  
AND DO YOUR JOB SO WE WILL WIN.

BLUE BOLT LATER LANDS AT THE OTHER END OF THE FIELD.

WONDER HOW THAT HAPPENED? I'M STILL SHAKING.

SOME WELCOME, EH, BLUE BOLT? LET'S FIND OUT ABOUT IT!

IT IS THE DAY BEFORE THE CLOSE CALL ON THE CAPTURED AIR STRIP. MARG HESSLIN APPEARS AT C.O.'S HEADQUARTERS SHACK...

...SO YOU SEE, COLONEL, I HURRIED HERE AS SOON AS WE GOT THE NEWS. MY PAPER IS ANXIOUS FOR PICTURES.

IT'S AN ESPECIALLY DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT, MISS HESSLIN. BUT I ADMIRE YOUR NERVE... GO AHEAD AND GET YOUR PICTURES.

THANKS, COLONEL.

THE NEXT DAY, JUST BEFORE CHARLIE AND BLUE BOLT ARRIVE --

THIS OUGHT TO BE A GOOD SHOT... SAY, WHAT'S THAT ON THE EDGE OF THE FIELD?

THROUGH HER CAMERA SIGHT MARG. SEES TWO TINY TANKS APPROACHING THE LANDING STRIP.



HEY, SOLDIER! WARN THAT PLANE COMING IN NOT TO LAND... TANKS APPROACHING FIELD.

WAIT A MINUTE!

PULL UP--DON'T LAND--DANGER BELOW--GUN 'ER!

I COULD SEE THESE TANKS HEADED FOR THE STRIP. SO I WARNED THE PILOT AND IT TURNS OUT TO BE YOU.

THANKS, PAL.

EXCUSE ME, SIR,  
I HAVE AN IDEA--  
BE RIGHT BACK--

SO THAT'S THEIR LITTLE GAME!



SHALL I SEND HON. AMERICAN TO ANCESTORS?

NO, WE TAKE HIM BACK.

THEY LASH POOR CHARLIE TO ONE OF THEIR FIENDISH MACHINES.

OUR ORDERS ARE TO DIRECT DEATH TANKS TO AMMUNITION DUMP. ARE YOU READY WITH CALCULATIONS?

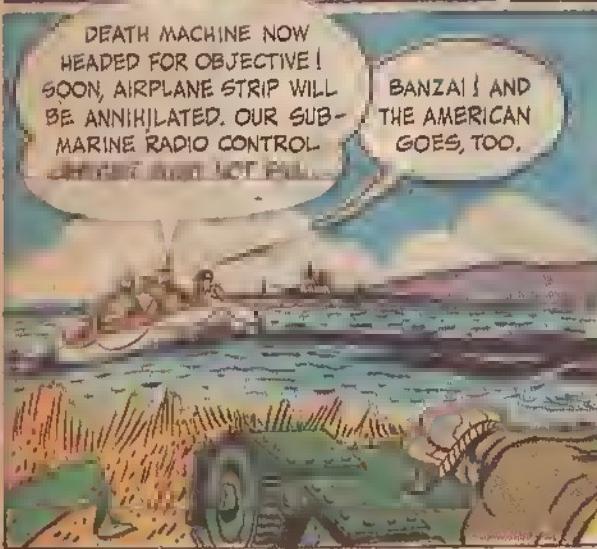
EXPLOSIVES PLACED. CONNECTIONS MADE. THIS IS ONE HON. AMERICAN WHO WILL DESTROY HIS OWN MEN.



DEATH MACHINE NOW HEADED FOR OBJECTIVE! SOON, AIRPLANE STRIP WILL BE ANNIHILATED. OUR SUBMARINE RADIO CONTROL

BANZAI! AND THE AMERICAN GOES, TOO.

SOON THE ROBOT CONTROLS MOVE THE MIDGET TANK WITH CHARLIE, UNCONSCIOUS, ON TOP.



THIS CURIOUS EXPLOSION... I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT.

COLONEL, THIS HOLE WAS CAUSED BY A MOBILE, MINIATURE TANK, RADIO-CONTROLLED FROM NEARBY. I'VE HEARD OF THEM IN EUROPE.

THEN MISS HESSLIN WASN'T SEEING THINGS.

NO, SIR. EXCUSE ME, SIR, I'M OFF TO THE RADIO SHACK.

SWITCH TO SHORT WAVE AND USE YOUR DIRECTION FINDER.

STRANGE?

NO, SIR, NOTHING ON THIS FREQUENCY.

I HAVE IT, SIR! STRONG SIGNALS FROM NEARBY.

THAT'S IT. TRY TO GET THE DIRECTION.

PLOT THE EXACT LOCATION. MAYBE I CAN STOP THEM!

BLUE BOLT DASHES INTO THE JUNGLE OFF THE EDGE OF THE AIR FIELD.

HAVE TO BE CAREFUL... I'VE ONLY GOT SIDEARMS.

CHARLIE! -- AND THAT MACHINE IS LOADED WITH T-N-T!

WOW! THAT MIGHT EXPLODE ANY SECOND UNLESS I CAN KNOCK OUT ITS MECHANISM.

BUT POOR CHARLIE'S HEAD IS RIGHT ON THE CONTROLS.

IF I HIT ANY OTHER PART IT WILL BLOW UP-- BUT HERE GOES!



THE SHOT FLIES TRUE TO ITS MARK AND THE TANK STOPS INSTANTLY--

WHERE AM I? WHAT GOES ON HERE?

WON'T YOU BE SURPRISED!

THANKS, PAL. THAT'S ONE I OWE YOU. SAY, WHERE DID YOU LEARN TO SHOOT A PISTOL?

NEVER MIND. LET'S FIND THAT JAP TRANSMITTER.

THEY FOLLOW THE DOODLE-BUG PATH TO THE SHORE AND SOON SPOT THE SUB WAITING FOR THE RUBBER BOAT.

WILL I BE GLAD TO TAKE A CRACK AT THOSE BOYS!



HURRY OR WE'LL MISS THE BOAT!

WE CARRY JUST THE BOMBS FOR THAT FISH... COME ON!

WHAT IS THIS? MOVE ON, MARG.... WE'VE GOT NIP BUSINESS.

HAVE A HEART, FELLER! DIDN'T I JUST DO YOU A FAVOR?



SORRY, MARGE, I CAN'T TAKE YOU-- IT'S STRICTLY AGAINST REGULATIONS. BUT CHARLIE WILL GET THE PICTURES IF YOU GIVE HIM THE

O.K., FELLOW, WHEN YOU GET A GOOD SHOT IN THE SIGHT, JUST PUSH THAT LEVER.

AND AS THEY SPEED OFF THE FIELD, THE JAPS SCRAMBLE ABOARD THE SUB.

TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE, EH, CHARLIE?

FRANTICALLY, THE JAPS TRY TO SUBMERGE--

NEXT STOP TOKYO, YOU NIPS.

LATER, AT THE BASE--

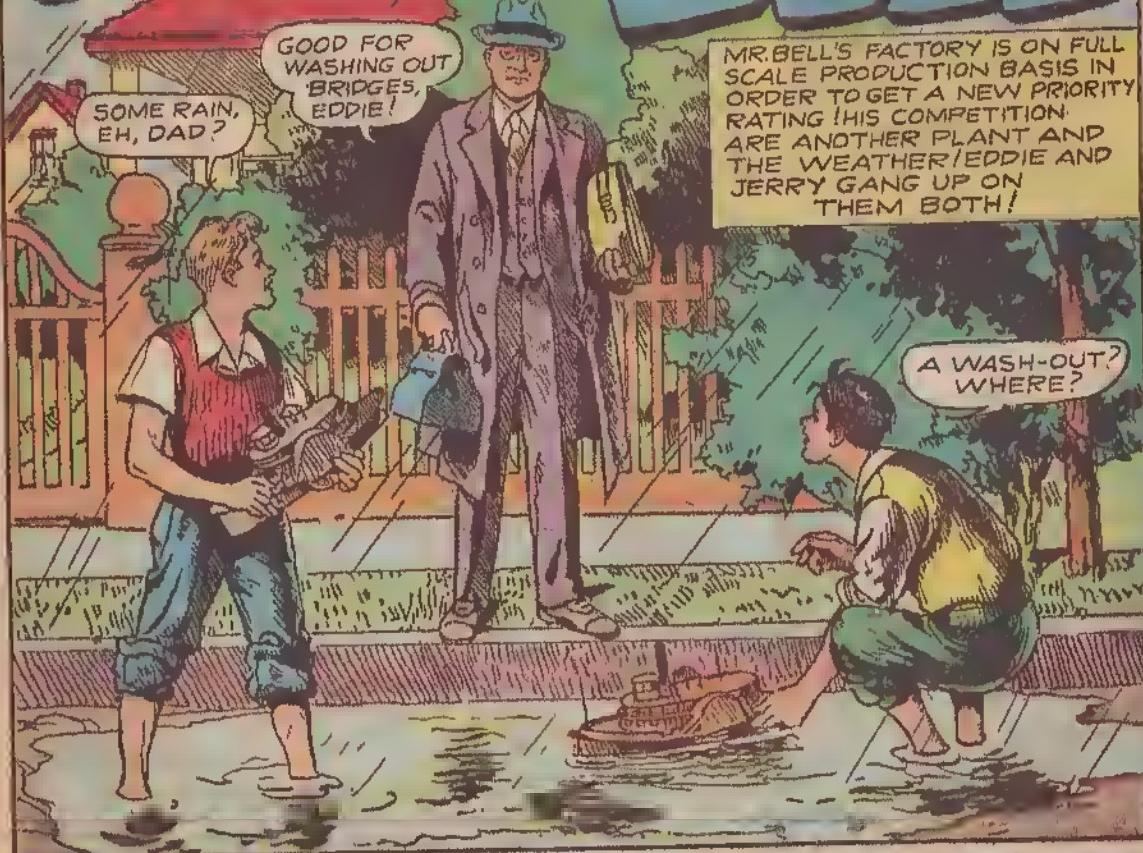
WHAT A PICTURE I GOT!

WHAT AN AIM I GOT!

WHAT A RIDE I GOT!

DO YOUR JOB WELL HERE AT HOME  
OUR FIGHTING MEN CAN HOLD THEIR OWN.

# Edison BELL

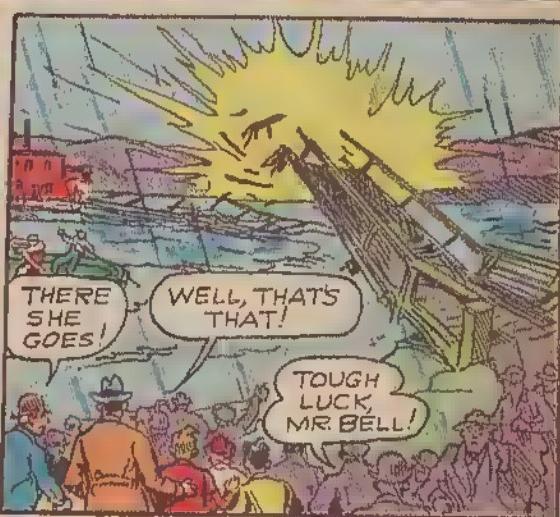
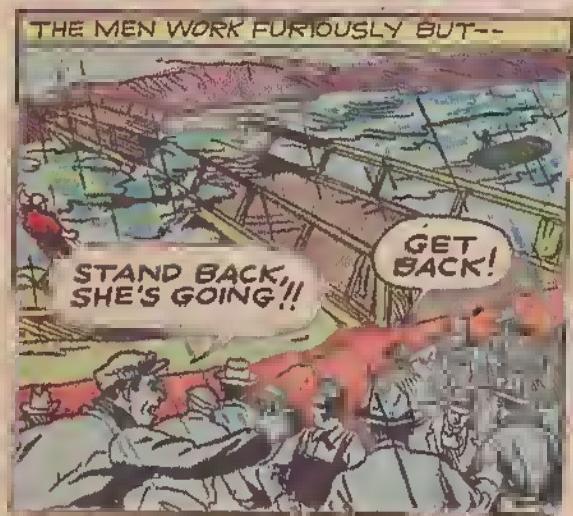
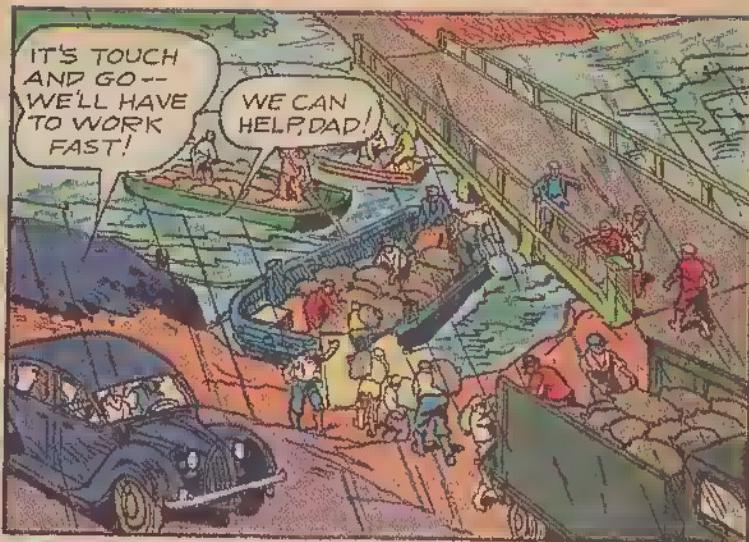


NOT YET, JERRY--BUT IF THE RAIN DOESN'T LET UP, THE OLD NORTH BRIDGE WILL GO!

IF THAT HAPPENS, BULL GRANT MIGHT GET THE PRIORITY RATING FOR HIS PLANT---IF HIS MEN MANAGE TO CROSS THE RIVER!



THOUGH WORKING IS A NEVER-ENDING GAME  
HARD STUDY OFTEN PAVES THE ROAD TO FAME.



QUESTION  
No. 10. Are sandbags often used to stem a flood of water?

MINUTES LATER--

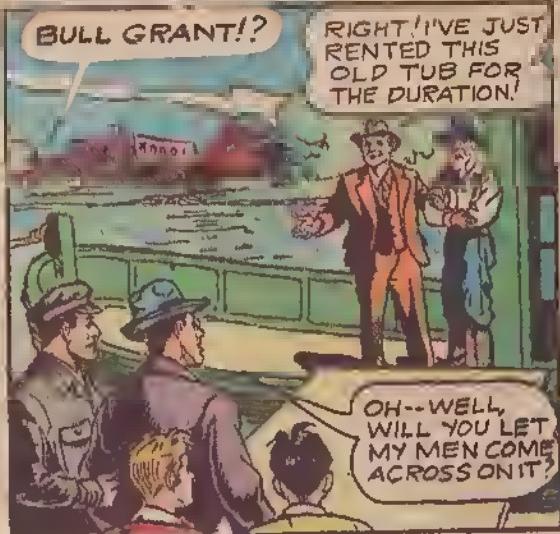
LOOK, THERE'S CAPTAIN GREEN NOW!

BUT, WHO'S WITH HIM?



BULL GRANT!?

RIGHT! I'VE JUST RENTED THIS OLD TUB FOR THE DURATION!



OF COURSE--AT FIVE DOLLARS PER MAN PER TRIP!

FIVE DOLLARS-- YOU'RE JOKING!



AM I ?NUTS-- I'M OUT AFTER THAT PRIORITY!

WHY, YOU--

EASY, JACK!



MR. BELL CALLS A MEETING OF HIS EMPLOYEES!

--AND I'LL SHOULDER THE FERRING COST!

THAT'S NOT FAIR!

YOU'LL GO BROKE!



MEANWHILE--

TOO BAD THIS MODEL ISN'T BIGGER, EH, EDDIE? WE COULD HELP YOUR DAD!

SAY-- YOU'VE GOT IT!



I DON'T GET YOU, EDDIE--

NEVER MIND NOW--WE'VE GOT TO FIND DAD!



LATER--

IT MIGHT  
WORK, EDDIE  
WAIT--

MR. BELL EXPLAINS TO  
THE MEN---

WHAT DO YOU  
THINK, DAD?

SO, YOU'LL ALL TAKE  
ONE TRIP ACROSS ON  
GRANT'S BOAT!

LET'S  
GO!

THE NEXT MORNING --

AH-HA! IT ISN'T  
OFTEN A MAN CAN  
MAKE HIS COMPETITOR  
COVER HIS EXPENSES!

AW, DRY UP!

THE TRIP IS UNEVENTFUL --

I'LL BE WAITING  
FOR YOU THIS  
EVENING, BOYS!

WE MIGHT  
BE LATE!

SSH!

JACK, SELECT SIX MEN  
AND GO WITH THE BOYS!

RIGHT!

BY QUITTING TIME THAT EVENING,  
EDDIE AND JERRY HAVE THEIR PLAN  
WORKING SMOOTHLY!

HEY, I WAS  
LOOKING FOR  
THOSE OLD  
OIL DRUMS  
TODAY!

HEY, LOOK  
AT THIS!

DON'T BE AFRAID!  
WE HAULED SOME  
HEAVY MACHINERY  
ACROSS BEFORE!

THIS IS A LITTLE  
BIT OF ALL RIGHT,  
BOYS!

LOOK--HERE  
COMES GRANT  
NOW!

ON BOARD THE OLD HOUSEBOAT--

HMM--GUESS WE DON'T  
HAVE TO PUT IN AT BELL'S  
PLANT, EH, MR. GRANT?

YOU OLD  
BUZZARD--  
YOU SHOULD  
HAVE STOPPED  
THEM!

HEY--HOW  
COULD I DO,  
ANYTHING?

WHY  
DIDN'T  
YOU RAM  
'EM, YOU  
FOOL?

HOLD UP--TAKE YOUR  
HANDS OFF THE OLD  
MAN! WE'RE HONEST  
RIVER FOLKS, NOT  
PIRATES!

WHA--

YOUR CONTRACT'S  
BROKEN, MISTER!

SO'S HIS  
JAW, I'LL  
(WAGER)

SO, GIT OFF AND  
STAY OFF!

UHHH!

MR. BELL'S MEN WATCH AS THIS GOES ON!

ARE WE  
GONNA PICK  
HIM UP?

I'VE GOT  
AN IDEA,  
DAD!

HELP!  
HELP!

QUESTION  
No. 11. Are buzzards, birds of prey, found on every continent?



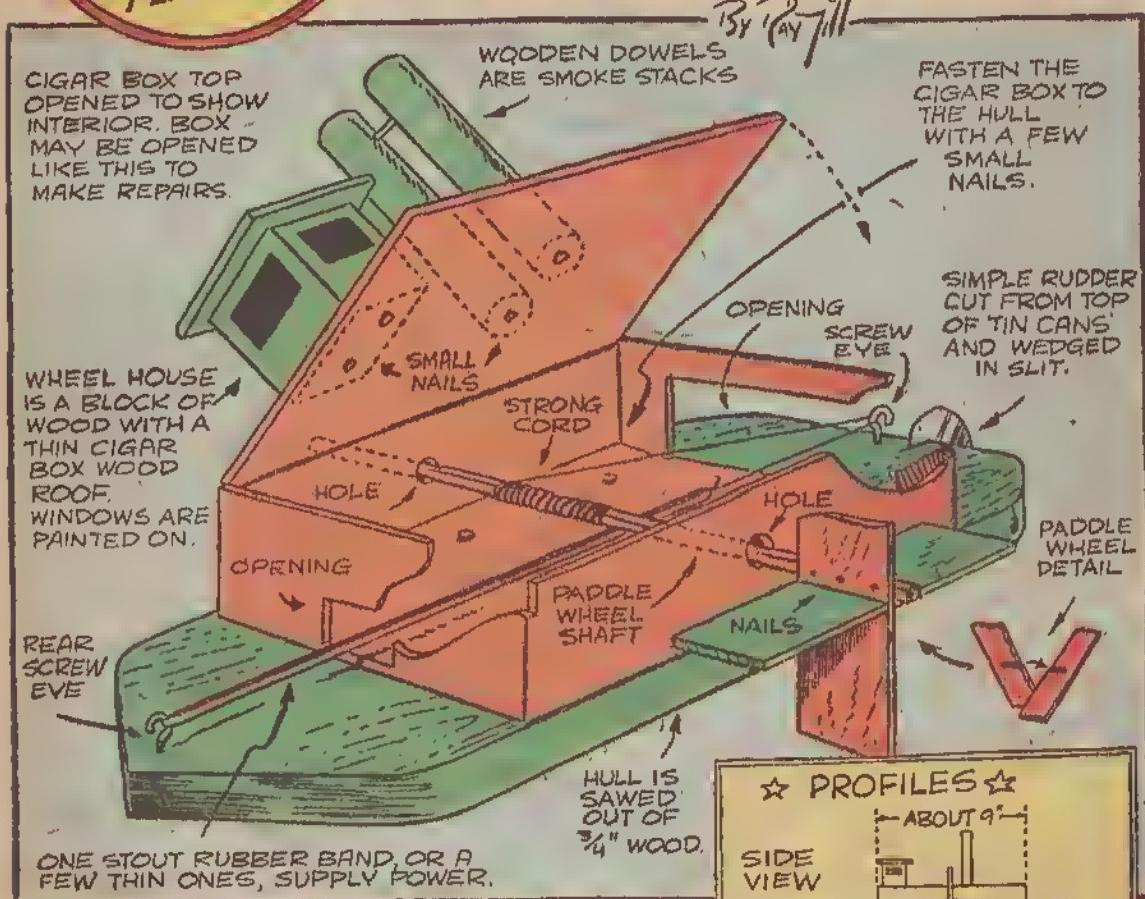
QUESTION No. 12 Why will the empty gasoline can serve as a life preserver?

**HERE  
THEY ARE!  
EDISON BELL'S  
SIMPLIFIED  
PLANS FOR...**

# 'MISSISSIPPI'

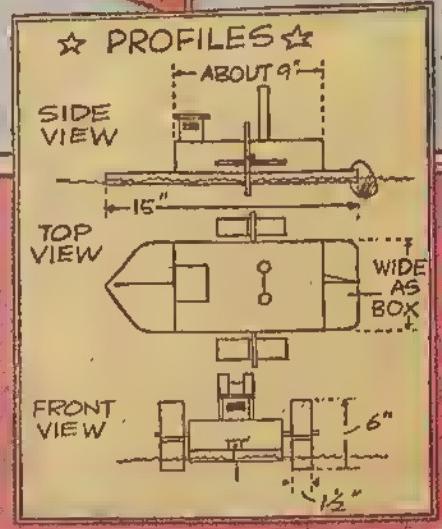
-- A RUBBER BAND POWERED  
TOY MODEL OF A SIDE WHEELER  
**RIVER BOAT**

By Ray Gill



## HOW IT WORKS...

TIE A LENGTH OF STOUT CORD TO THE RUBBER BAND, SLIP IT THROUGH THE REAR SCREW EYE AND FASTEN IT TO THE PADDLE WHEEL SHAFT. SHAFT IS A LENGTH OF  $1\frac{1}{2}$ " X  $\frac{1}{4}$ " WOOD "ROUND". SHAFT WHERE IT PASSES THROUGH CIGAR BOX HOLES. WAX THIS SECTION WELL. WIND THE PADDLE WHEELS CLOCK-WISE, TILL THE RUBBER BAND IS TAUT. SET THE BOAT IN THE WATER, ADJUST THE RUDDER... AND LET HER GO! DECORATE THE CRAFT AS YOU SEE FIT.



# THE AVALANCHE

By DAVID T. MARKE

BJORN did not move from his chair for a long time after his underground visitor had gone. Ingrid, his gay, enchanting daughter, was dead in Germany! The Nazis had taken her as hostage to make sure that he, Bjorn, would work honestly for them. They had promised to return her safely if he did his job well—they had promised on the sacred word of a Nazi.

Now his Ingrid was dead! Bjorn's eyes hardened as he thought of Kommandant Mann. It was he who had taken Ingrid hostage. It was he who had thought up the idea of getting the Nazis used to mountain climbing, to prepare them to scale the cliffs at Dover. Bjorn had been picked because he was the best mountaineer in Norway.

For a month now he had done the task. It had been hard at first, but then, he had thought to himself, these Nazis forgot that perhaps the Allies would have something to say about who should climb the cliffs.

So wrapped up was he in his thoughts that he failed to hear the door open. He jumped as his name was repeated. The Kommandant stood there. His beady eyes bored into Bjorn's stolid countenance. "I've come to tell you that a new group will go up the Range with us tomorrow." He started toward the door, then turned and shot Bjorn a quick glance. "You are doing well. The job will soon be finished and your daughter returned to you."

No sign of emotion showed on Bjorn's face as he met

Mann's eyes squarely. "I know I can trust Herr Mann, as I can all Nazis."

Bjorn almost choked in muffling the cry of rage that tore at his vitals as the door closed. Springing to his feet he feverishly began to collect his few belongings, muttering to himself, "I must get away! I must get a . . ." He paused suddenly as his hand closed on a huge rubber ball. He looked at it. Ingrid had gone wild with joy when he had blown it up for her, shiny and white.

For almost an hour he sat there, turning the flattened object over and over in his hands. And then he smiled. He knew now what to do!

Early the next morning Bjorn stole up the Range with the rubber ball. He was back in the village before he could be missed. And he was vastly pleased when Mann jumped at his suggestion to train the men at night. "We were about to do so, Bjorn. How else could we scale the cliffs, if not by night? We will begin this evening."

Bjorn smiled as he went out. Mann had praised his cooperation. Well, he'd get it tonight!

That night, Bjorn was waiting for the Kommandant at the foot of the Range. Behind him stretched a long line of Nazis, tied one to the other, awaiting their baptism of mountain climbing.

Mann came up behind Bjorn, tied the rope around himself and ordered, "Let's go!"

For an hour Bjorn led the long line steadily upward,

ever higher into the Range. The path grew narrow, slippery, rough.

"Why do you take this route?" Mann asked.

"Didn't you hear the falling boulders?" countered Bjorn. "I seek to avoid them."

Halfway up the side of a deep crevasse Bjorn stopped and leaned forward as if listening. "Why do you stop now?" nervously demanded Mann. Suddenly they all heard the deep rumble of falling rock, saw the tumbling ball of snow.

Panic-stricken, slipping and falling, the Nazis leaned heavily back on the life-line. As the whole line wavered, Bjorn turned on Mann, a knife in his hand.

"Wait, what are you doing?" Mann cried. His eyes widened in fear and he reached for his Luger — too late — for Bjorn had cut the line. The Nazis began to plunge down, deep into the crevasse.

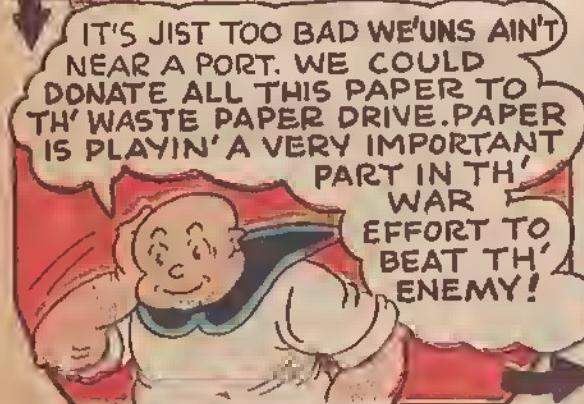
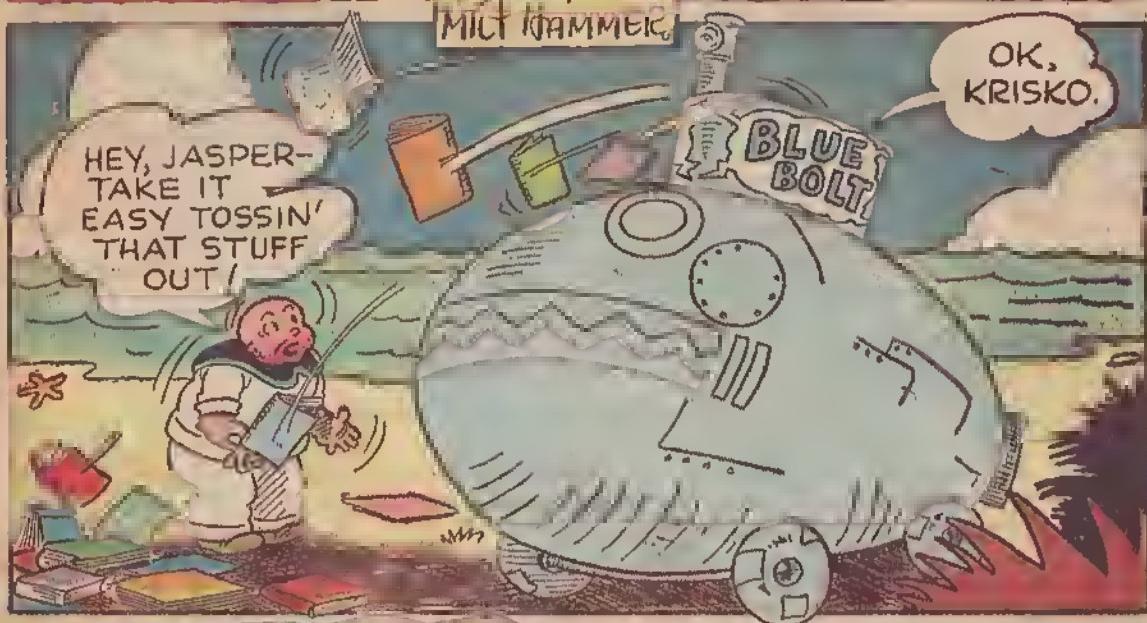
Bjorn laughed gleefully as he listened to the dying screams of the hated Nazis. By morning he would be in Sweden. He wished though that he could have saved Ingrid's ball. He had inflated it that morning and had tied some rocks to it. When he had paused on the path, he had sent the small stones and the ball resembling a large snowball bouncing down toward them. The Nazis' inexperience had done the rest.

Bjorn's lips moved now as he climbed steadily upward. "You have been avenged, Ingrid."

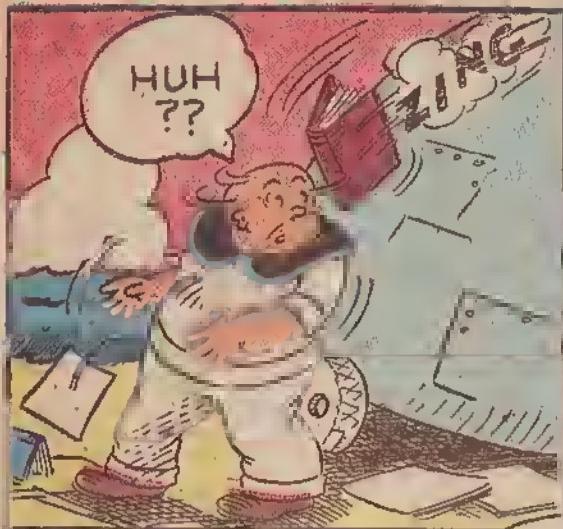
THE END

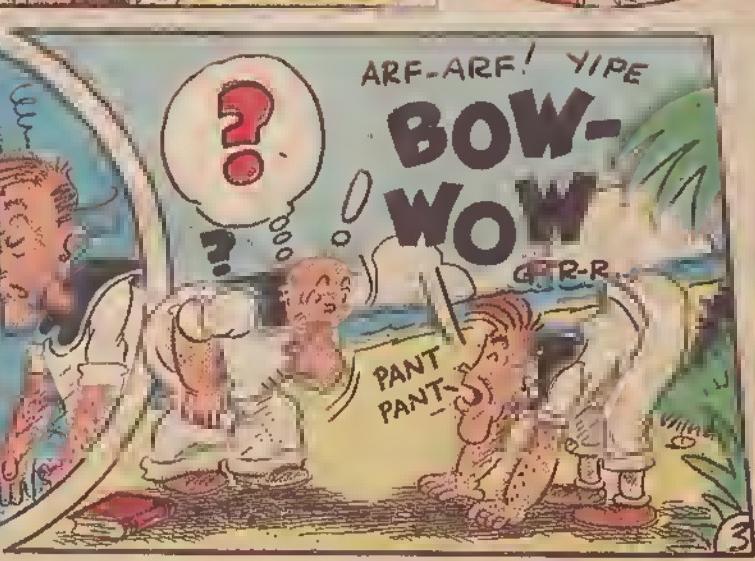
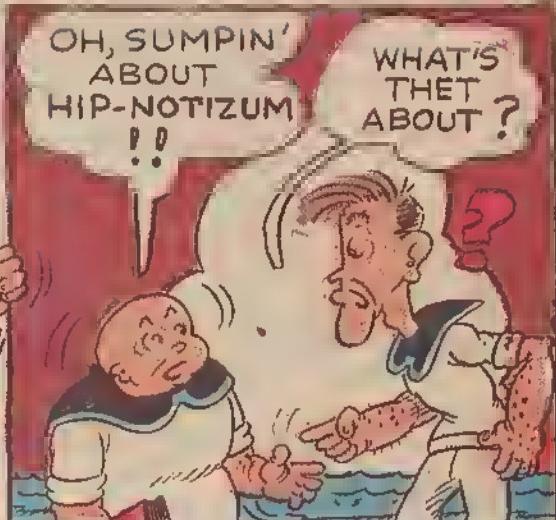
# KRISKO and JASPER

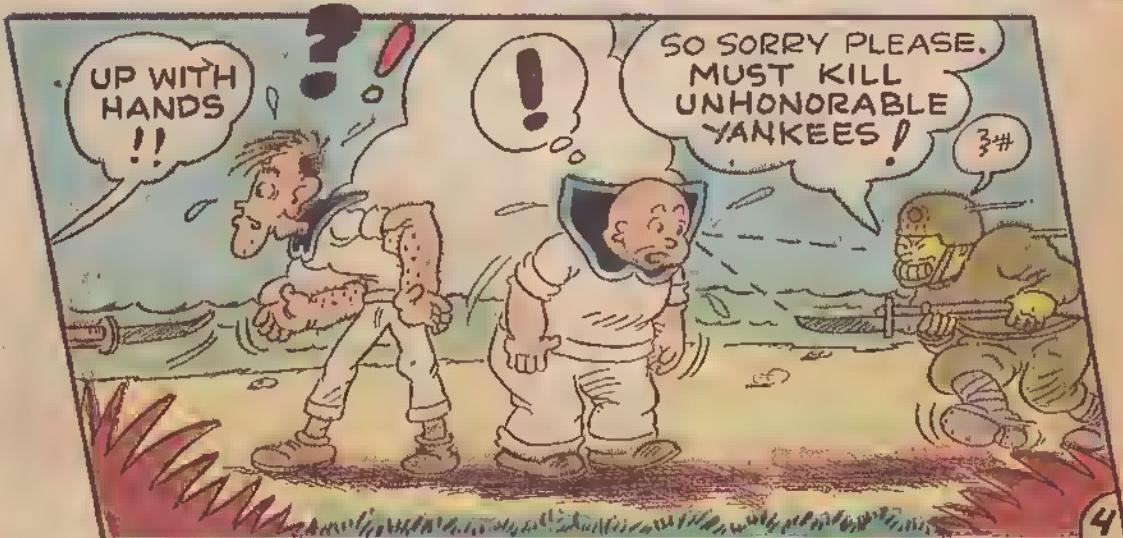
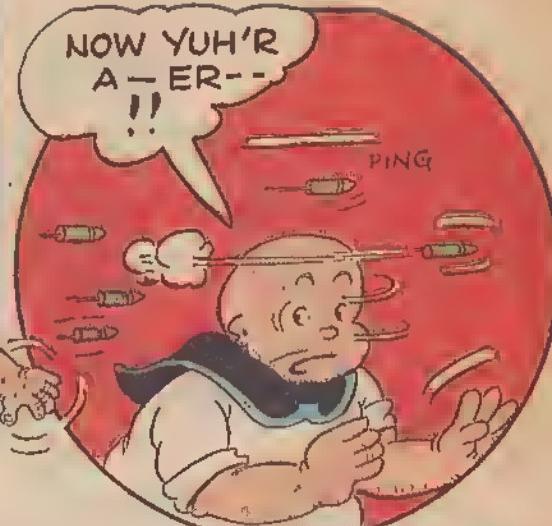
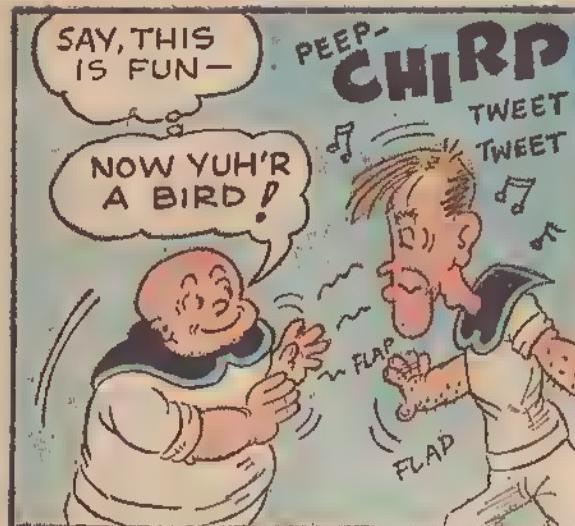
by  
MILT HAMMER



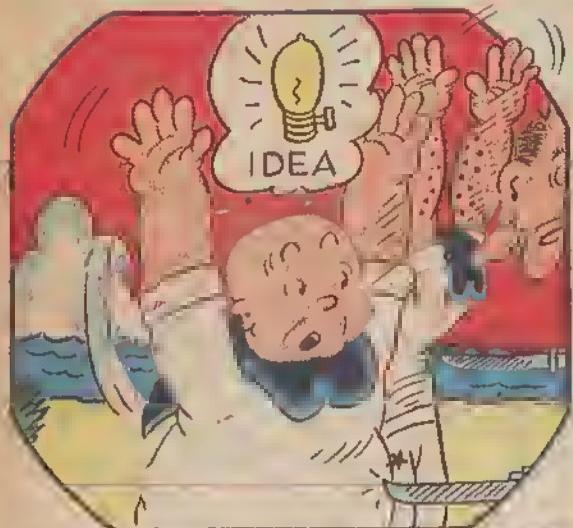
KNOWLEDGE IS THE GREATEST TREASURE  
TAKE IT NOW IN ITS FULL MEASURE.

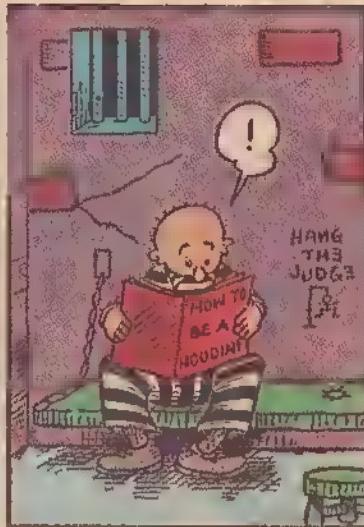
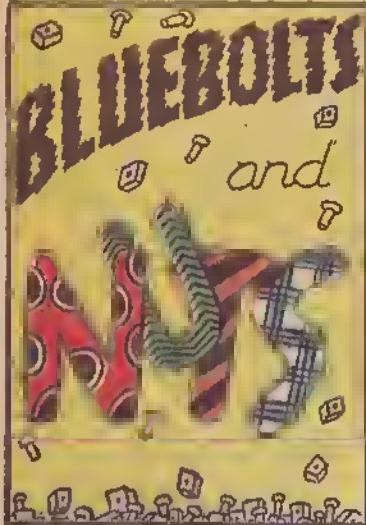






QUESTION No. 14. Why do the boys refer to Japanese as "Nips"?





SLAP THE JAP BY SAVING SCRAP!

# Sergeant Spook

GOOD GHOSTS, BAD  
GHOSTS, SAD GHOSTS,  
AND GLAD GHOSTS'  
ALL LEARN THEY  
HAVEN'T THE GHOST  
OF A CHANCE WHEN

JERRY JALITY IS ON,  
THE SUPER GHOST,  
GOES T' TOWN IN  
THE GHOST  
GOES WILD!



OUR STORY NATURALLY STARTS AT MIDNIGHT--  
AND WE FIND JERRY, SERGEANT SPOOK'S  
PSYCHIC SIDE KICK --PATIENTLY WAITING  
FOR HIS FAVORITE RADIO PROGRAM--LISTEN--

AND THE SPONSORS OF "THE  
GHOST" ARE SORRY TO ANNOUNCE  
THAT HE WILL NOT BE HEARD  
UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE! AS A  
SUBSTITUTE WE PRES...CLICK!

NUTS! NOW I WONDER  
WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM.

SPOOK!-- BOY, AM  
I GLAD TO SEE YOU!  
SIT DOWN, WE'VE GOT  
A REAL MYSTERY TO  
SOLVE THIS TIME.

AGAIN? --  
WHAT'S UP, NOW?

LET'S HAVE BONDS AND STAMPS GALORE  
AND STAMP THE ENEMY SOME MORE.

## JERRY EXPLAINS . . .

LOOK HERE...  
COMPETITION  
FOR YOU!

HM! MUST BE PRETTY  
GOOD TO BE IN TWO  
PLACES AT ONE TIME!

THAT'S JUST IT... THIS CROOK  
SCRATCHES THE WORDS "THE  
GHOST" AFTER EVERY CRIME!  
THE ALIBI IS TOO GOOD . . .  
BET THE POLICE PICKED  
THE RADIO GHOST UP!



THAT WOULD BE EASY TO  
FIND OUT. C'MON! --  
LISTEN, HERE'S WHAT  
YOU DO --



EVENING, SERGEANT-- MAY  
I SEE "THE GHOST"? - I'M  
A FAN OF HIS.



THANKS, SERGEANT, THAT'S  
ALL I WANT TO KNOW!



THIS JUST CAME IN, SIR!  
HOLY SMOKES!

WAIT A MINUTE,  
SPOOK-- THIS  
MIGHT BE IT!

THIS CASE IS DRIVIN' ME NUTS!  
WE'VE GOT THE GHOST LOCKED  
UP INSIDE -- AND NOW HE'S  
JUST PULLED ANOTHER JOB!



THIS PROVES THERE ARE TWO GHOSTS, SPOOK? LET'S GO!

CHECK!

SAY! THAT'S RIGHT!

I DEMAND THE RELEASE OF MY CLIENT, THE RADIO GHOST, IMMEDIATELY--WE'LL SUE FOR FALSE ARREST!

ANOTHER COUNTY HEARD FROM! LISTEN, YOU LITTLE PIPSQUEAK!



I LOCKED HIM UP SO THE TOWN WOULDN'T LYNCH HIM! --FOR HIS OWN GOOD!--SEE?--BUT I'M FED UP WITH THE WHOLE THING! TAKE HIM! GET HIM OUT OF HERE!

P.D.

DUCK, KID... HERE THEY COME NOW!



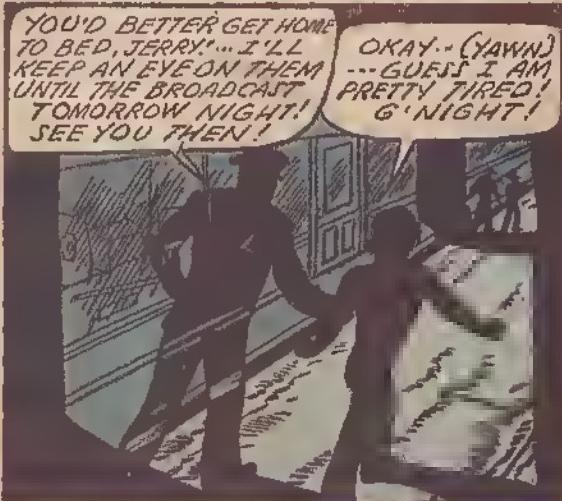
GOOD WORK, PADERS--FORCE, MY BOY! FORCE.

SHH!

HUH!--MMH--

YOU'D BETTER GET HOME TO BED, JERRY... I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON THEM UNTIL THE BROADCAST TOMORROW NIGHT! SEE YOU THEN!

OKAY--(YAWN) ...GUESS I AM PRETTY TIRED! G'NIGHT!



QUESTION  
No. 15

What member of the Anatidas family is mentioned on this page?

JERRY COULD HARDLY WAIT TO FINISH HIS PART-TIME JOB AFTER SCHOOL TO START CHASING THE RADIO GHOST.

SORRY TO BE LATE,  
SPOOK -- GET  
ANYTHING ON  
THEM YET?

NO - BUT I'M  
STILL HOPING! IN  
FIFTEEN MINUTES  
I'LL SIT IN ON HIS  
BROADCAST -  
JUST TO MAKE SURE!

STILL DON'T TRUST HIM EITHER, EH? DOES SEEM LIKE TOO MUCH OF A COINCIDENCE THAT THOSE ROBBERIES HAPPEN JUST WHEN HE'S ON THE AIR - AND UNDER THE SAME NAME! ARE YOU COMING?

LESTER JEWELL

ENTERTAINMENT BROADCASTING STATION

ENTERTAINMENT  
BROADCASTING  
STATION

NAW--I, AH--NEED  
SOME FRESH AIR--  
SEE YOU LATER!

AND LATER -- THE WITCHING HOUR --



MIDNIGHT! AND TIME FOR ANOTHER CHILLING, THRILLING STORY FROM --

THE GHOST

BONG!

BONG!

GOOD E-V-E-N-I-N-G  
HEH/HEH/HEH!



I'LL JUST RIDE AROUND TOWN  
AND--UH-OH! HERE'S MY  
PROGRAM . . .

TONIGHT WE  
DEAL WITH  
IMPENDING  
DEATH!



HOLY SMOKE! THAT SCREAM  
WASN'T FROM THE RADIO --  
SOUNDED LIKE IT CAME  
FROM THE HOUSE OVER  
THERE WHERE THE CAR  
IS PARKED! BETTER  
HAVE A LOOK-SEE!

HELP! POLICE --  
IT'S THE GHOST!



AS THE CAR ROLLS AWAY  
JERRY ACTS FAST!!

NOTHING ELSE I COULD DO!  
-- EASY ON THE TURNS, PAL! --  
IT'S NONE TOO COMFORTABLE  
BACK HERE!



LATER --

-- ANOTHER JOB? GUESS  
NOT ... THIS PLACE HASN'T  
BEEN LIVED IN IN YEARS --  
YIPE! IT'S HIS HIDEOUT!



BETTER WAIT TILL HE'S  
INSIDE BEFORE I LOOK  
AROUND!



GUESS IT'S SAFE NOW.  
HEY, THE DOOR'S  
OPEN--



THEN...



THE HORROR ROOM WILL TEACH  
YOU NOT TO INTERFERE WITH  
THE GHOST! HAH! HA! HA!



A SHORT TIME LATER, JERRY AWAKENS TO FIND...



IT'S ME.. JERRY!.. A GOOD  
FRIEND OF SERGEANT  
SPOOK'S!



SEEING HIS PSYCHIC  
POWER TO SPEAK WITH  
REAL GHOSTS DOESN'T  
WORK-- JERRY LOOKS  
AROUND --

WIRES! LOUD SPEAKER!  
AND GOSH-- A SECRET  
PASSAGEWAY! MAYBE  
I CAN GET OUT  
THROUGH HERE!



JERRY ESCAPES... AND -  
JOINS SPOOK!

SO COME WITH ME AND  
WE'LL TRAP HIM!

GREAT-- BUT LOOK--  
LET'S TAKE THIS RADIO  
GHOST WITH US--  
HE CAN HELP  
CLEAR HIMSELF AT  
THE SAME TIME!



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...  
BACK AT THE MANSION...

THANKS FOR THE  
TIP, KID -- BUT IT  
LOOKS AS IF WE'RE  
TOO LATE!

YEAH.. HE'S GONE,  
ALL RIGHT! GUESS  
HE MISSED ME AND  
FIGURED I'D GONE  
FOR HELP!

I KNOW HOW TO TRAP  
HIM -- WE'LL CHANGE  
THE TIME OF MY  
BROADCAST AND...



THE NEXT NIGHT... WHEN THE  
GHOST STARTS TO BROADCAST.

COPS WAITING ALL OVER TOWN  
AND WE'VE HIT THE JACKPOT!  
THAT'S THE CROOK'S CAR STOP-  
PING AT THE BANK NOW! C'MON!



HAH! THOUGHT HE  
FOOLED ME, DID HE?  
HA! HA! THIS IS MY  
BIGGEST HAUL!

NOT  
QUITE...

IT'S YOUR  
BIGGEST  
MISTAKE!



THERE! THAT'LL  
KEEP YOU PUT  
FOR A WHILE!

IN HERE,  
OFFICER.



JERRY! LISTEN...  
BZZ BZZZ!

OKAY -- ER -- FIND THE  
COMBINATION OF THE  
VAULT, BOYS, AND YOU'LL  
FIND THE MAN!

WELL I'LL BE!

YOU'RE ALL  
RIGHT, KID!  
HOW'D YOU  
SWING IT?

THE REAL CREDIT GOES TO  
THE RADIO GHOST! FOR  
CHANGING HIS RADIO  
TIME... THAT THREW  
THE CROOK OFF!

I GET IT... YOU  
FIXED IT SO HE'D  
TIE HIS HAND!  
NICE GOING!



LATER . . .  
THAT CLEARS OUR  
FRIEND -- BUT, BOY,  
WOULD I LIKE TO  
REHAUNT THAT  
CROOKED GHOST!

THAT'S MY DEPART-  
MENT! PRISON CELLS  
GET AWFULLY LONG  
SOME AT NIGHT --  
AND, STONE WALLS  
ARE NO BARRIER  
TO ME!" HA! HA!





SHOW THE RASCALS THEY CAN'T WIN  
BY SAVING PAPER, FAT AND TIN.

"Make Me Prove . . .

# I CAN MAKE YOU COMMANDO -TOUGH

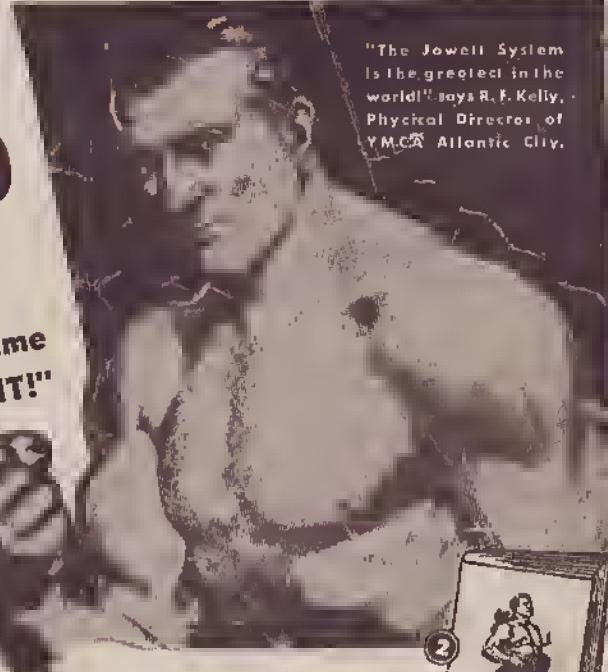
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—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"

says George F. Jowett  
wham experts call the  
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Perfection.

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the Jowett Course!



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following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

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